

Some Anecdotes of Well Known People

"People think that, because I am a woman," said Mrs. Hetty Green, "I can be imposed on; but usually they find out their mistake."

She was talking about a law suit, wherein she had disputed her lawyer's bill, and this topic naturally led her to the topic of women's trustfulness.

"There is a case in point," said Mrs. Green, smiling grimly, "about a young and pretty school teacher. She once asked her class for an original definition of the word 'wife.'"

"A wife is a rib," said one little girl.

"Wives are guiding stars," said another.

"An inspiration," said a fourth. "Altogether the definitions were rather prosy and commonplace, but finally a child of eleven, smiling archly, said:

"A wife is a person for a man to find fault with when things go wrong."

"Good!" cried the pretty teacher, laughing. "Good! That is the best definition of all. The best, the truest."

"But that afternoon, on the way home from school, the little girl whose definition had so pleased, tripped demurely up to the teacher and said:

"Are you not going to marry that tall, handsome young man I see you with nearly every night?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Well, then, if my definition of a wife was true—"

"Ah, but, dear, with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

Seasonable.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, the noted philanthropist, spoke with good-humored regret, at a dinner in New York, of a charity that had failed.

"But it failed through its own fault," said Mr. Stokes. "It failed because it was mistaken. It suggests to me an experience of a friend of mine in Ireland."

"My friend, at about this season last year, was motoring through a remote region of Ireland, and one day he came upon a poor old woman, seated, with all her humble furniture about her, in the middle of the road before her little cabin."

"My friend was profoundly moved. Here, before his very eyes, an eviction, a real Irish eviction, was taking place. He got out of his car, and he gave the old woman a five-pound note."

"Tell me," he said, "what is the trouble, my poor friend?"

"Bobbing and curtsying her gratitude, the old woman replied:

"Shure, sir, me ould man's white-washin'."

Better Than Swearing, Anyway.

Rear Admiral Mead, who has just been retired, was talking one night at a dinner in Portsmouth about the power of discipline.

"In my youth," he said, "I knew a first mate in the merchant marine who, though an excellent officer, was dreadfully profane. When anything went wrong he would volley forth oaths and curses in a shocking way. Once, though, he shipped with a very strict religious captain, and the first time this captain chanced to witness one of his mate's swearing bouts, he gave the young man a good dressing down."

"You are a first-rate officer," he ended; "but remember no more swearing. Not another oath aboard my ship."

"Well, the mate bore the captain's warning in mind. Then one afternoon it happened that the boatswain made an inexcusable error in carrying out an order."

"When the boatswain confessed the fault he had committed, the mate turned red with rage. He opened his mouth. Everybody looked at him expectantly, waiting to hear some remarkable oath, but then the captain hove in sight."

"The mate, seeing the captain, remembered his orders about profanity. But his rage had to have a vent of some sort, and striding up close to the culprit, he roared in the man's face:

"You naughty, naughty boatswain!"

The Modern Mother.

"John Alexander Dowle," said a Zion City man, "had a grand knack of putting things quaintly and forcibly."

"At one of his last meetings here, he attacked the modern mother of society, the mother who neglected her children."

"Why," he said, "I overheard the

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Are you sure you weighed him right?

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said the gardener. "I'm sure I weighed him right, only I couldn't get him all on the scales."

Very Confusing.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of Socialism:

"I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman."

"Officer," said the youth, late one night, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"Very well, sir."

"Does the law permit me to call you an ass?"

"You move on," the officer growled.

"But stop a bit," continued the youth. "Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?"

"The law don't say nothing about that," was the gruff reply.

"Then," said the youth, "good-night, Mr. Policeman."

A Typewriter Expert.

Thomas A. Edison criticized at Atlantic City a scientific writer.

"He is a fine chap," said the inventor, "but he knows nothing about machinery. His knowledge of machinery is like that of a business man to whom I talked one day."

"It was at the time when typewriters had first come out, and the man had taken several on trial, and was testing them to see which, if any, he should buy."

"Well," said I, "how do you like those typewriters you are trying?"

"He shrugged impatiently."

"Oh," he said, "they're all about alike. They print well enough, but they don't spell one word in three correctly."

True Enough.

Poultney Bigelow, the famous traveler, was giving some advice to a young man who was about to join, for the first time, the great army of tourists that has already started on its annual trip across the Atlantic.

Mr. Bigelow adverted to the extraordinary amount of painting that goes on aboard an ocean liner.

"On a certain ship one day," he said, "I put my hand on a freshly painted ventilator, and, while removing the white smear, I fell into conversation with the seaman who was responsible for the trouble."

"He was an elderly chap, and he had visited many outlandish places. As he plied the brush, we had an interesting chat."

"How long have you been a sailor?" said I finally.

"Sailor?" the old man grumbled, dipping his brush into the can. "Bless yer heart, sir, I'm no sailor nowadays. I'm a bloomin' artist, that's wot I am."

A Story With a Moral.

General Booth, the venerable head of the Salvation Army, was talking to a New York reporter.

"Are you saved?" he asked suddenly.

"The young man flushed, stammered and hesitated."

"Well," said the general, "do not despair. There is a chance even for New York reporters."

"Then, discussing prayer, General Booth told a story, a story with a moral."

"There was a young clergyman appointed to a small country town," he began, "and a short time after his arrival a horse-looking man in leggings stopped him on the street one day, bowed respectfully and said in a tremulous voice:

"If you please, sir, would you mind, next Sabbath, offering up a bit of a prayer for Milly Dean?"

"The minister, of course, assented. The man, whose look was worried and haggard, took leave gratefully. And on the next and the two following Sundays Milly Dean was prayed for from the pulpit."

"Then, one afternoon, the man in leggings met the minister again."

"Thank you for them prayers, sir," he said, "but you needn't pray no more for Milly Dean."

"Why," said the other, shocked, "is she dead?"

"Dead?" said the man in leggings. "No. She's just won the Blue Ribbon Handicap by a length and a half."

A Libelous Yarn.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt was talking about the train wreck in which he was last month involved at Mount Murray.

"However," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "I have no fault to find with our railroads. In many respects they are the best in the world."

He smiled.

"Some people like to attack the railroads. They like to gather statistics to prove that the railroads are extortionate, reckless of life, and so on. In these attacks there is usually about as much truth as there is in that story about the railroad in the west."

"A man from the east said that on a western trip he rode across the prairies in a train that hardly went faster than a walk. Cattle, dogs and tramps passed him. Finally, in a desolate place, the train stopped."

"The passengers began to fume and fuss. Why this stoppage? What could be the matter?"

"In the midst of the angry turmoil the conductor came slinking through the car. He bent over the easterner, and with a shamefaced air whispered:

"Say, have you got a piece of string about you? We want to fix the engine."

Lady Tennie Cook's Dog Story.

Lady Cook, who was Miss Tennessee Claflin before her marriage, at a dinner during her recent visit to Washington argued the question of woman suffrage with a senator.

"Ah, senator," said Lady Cook, at the argument's end, "you don't consider this question as a whole. You only consider a part of it. You are like the man who weighed the dog."

"A lady owned a huge St. Bernard dog that she was very proud of. She told her gardener one day to take the dog and weigh him. The man departed with the animal and half an hour later he returned."

"Towser, ma'am," he said, "weighs just a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds?" exclaimed the lady. "He must weigh more than that."

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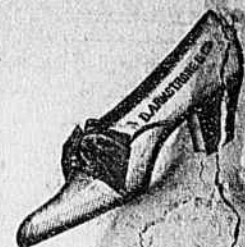
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